

Baumer, Money Tornado

Calling all to hearts,
band your arm-upper right.
Unified in hate against their cunning lies.
We buried dead in haste to get on with our lives.
Clutching cash withdrawn we cried.

A sight for sore eyes.
Armies marching on tonight,
and our enemies can taste the love we've left behind.
Towards rising sunlight,
eastward on and on we fight.
Back to the homes we've left,
through the shame we've felt time after time.

When the West won,
I was so taken by the careless world I saw
through Capra-esque eyes.
It's a wonderful life,
except for the pieces we hide.
Brothers, it's time to die.

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